

Fat Joe "Go Crazy (Remix)"

Visit "[Go Crazy \(Remix\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Young Jeezy]

Guess who's bizzack (Back)
Still smell the blow in my clothes
Like Krispy Kreme, I was cookin them O's (Cookin them O's)
Like Horse shoes, I was tossin them O's
Time to re-up gotta recycle the flow (Cycle the flow)
I'm emotional (I hug the block)
Aye, I'm so emotional (I love my glock)
Cash rules everything around me, so what's realer?
Bout the skrilla, call me a ghostface killa (Yep)
It's kinda hard to be drug-free
When Georgia Power won't give a nigga lights free
Switch hustle, been killin 'em ever since (Since)
It pays to tell the truth dawg, it only makes sense

[Chorus]

When they play a new Jeezy all the dope boys go crazy
(Chea!)
and watch the dope boys go crazy!
I pop my collar then I swing my chain
You can catch me in the club, pimpin doin my thang
(Aye...)
When they play a new Jeezy all the dope boys go crazy
and watch the dope boys go crazy!
you pop ya collar then you swing ya chain
for all the gangstas in the street that be doin they
thang, Aye!

[Jay-Z]

Uh, more than a hustla I'm the definition of it
Master chef, Lord of the kitchen cupboard
More than a street legend, homey it's hova
More than a relief pitcher, I'm the closer
The Mariano of the Mariott, ah
If money talks, the whole world's bout to hear me out
See I'm a hustla's hope, I'm not his pipe dreams
So when they speak of success, I'm what they might
mean
Attract money my worst color is light green
My favorite hue is Jay-Z blue
Don't follow me youngin, follow my moves, I'm not a

role model

A bad influence got the world drinkin gold bottles
When Puff was in that tuff spillin Mo'
I was at my video, Cris' on the speedboat
In my lifetime nigga, go through your research
Same timers my nigga, that was me first
Chrome shoe'd the GS, I came feet first
In the game like a baby boo on the reach birth
I got the keys if you need work
I can Kingpin you a line, the diamond of time, uh!
My niggaz love it when I talk like this
My corporate people start buggin cuz I talk like this
The corporate thugs is like, "Nah Hov" Talk that shit
The dope boys go crazy when they hear that boy Jay-Z

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Whattup Jeez?

Cracks...life, what's the matta wit yo head?
Cracks...life, all you niggaz gon end up dead
Cracks...life, everybody servin rat til he ride
Everybody think they somebody, til somebody end up
shot
Listen, I'm in that GT, Choppa on the passenger side
No skeets skeets, choppa on the passenger side
They said Trap or Die but said fuck it
Damn near half my life I been a suspect
Feds low in them Coupe Devilles
So I keep one eye open like Bushwick Bill
They said my mind's playin tricks on me (Damn right)
So I let off a half a clip on em'
Ain't no witnesses tellin the story (Hell naw...)
Then my bitch spent all of the bail money (And then
what?)
I don gave 'em my pimp cup for a gangsta hat
Traded my gangsta hat for some gangsta raps
Only to find out that no gangsta's rap
Half of these niggaz is pussy, ain't never served crack
(Crack, crack, crack, crack)
It's like a damn nightmare
Just when you thought I was gone, I reappear
on some chopped up, screwed shit, poppi got his
swagga back
Hot sick, clue shit, bought a brick of half of rap
In that 'cedes when it's said and done
Yeah poppi kinda crazy, squeeze the pound for fun
(Nigga!)

[Chorus]

[Young Jeezy]

Won't stop til my whole team in thug mansions (Chea)
And I say I like Pac, now that's a thug's passion (Ha ha!)
And this the realist shit I ever wrote
And all eyes on me, like a microscope
Young Jeezy give 'em one more chance
Tried to shine like you, and spent his whole advance
(Aye...)
Like my main man Pulla, talk real slick
Look I'm ok, but my watch sick
Yean gotta like a nigga, just respect my mind
and this how I'm eatin now, so respect my grind (Spect
my grind)
The way I put them words together
'Minds me How I used to put them birds together

(Chorus)

[Young Jeezy]

Buy 18 the hard way (Let's get it!)
Have a humble nigga thinkin about gun play (Chea)
Now who the fuck wanna play wit guns?
Alotta holes, alotta blood dawg, the shit ain't fun
(Nope)
So I suggest you don't play wit my chains
I'll send these hollows atcha, let 'em play wit ya brain
(That's right...)
These streets is watchin, The name is warm
The product's white, A star is born (Yeah...)
Pimpin I'm so fly, If I take this parachute off, I might fall
and die (Damn...)
Wrap the work like spandex wit the latex (Chea)
Then we ship it out of town, call it safe sex (Aye....)

[Chorus]

Visit [Fat Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.